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BY ANYONE

ARE NO RIO





ABC No Rio
156 Rivington St.
New York, NY 10009
212 254 9637

ABC No Rio was founded in the Spring of 1980. It was the result of an action/intervention by a group of about 30 artists associated with the organization Colab (Collaborative Projects). On New Year's Eve 1979 they broke into an abandoned, city-owned building on the Lower East Side and mounted an exhibition called "The Real Estate Show." It was meant to call attention to New York City's contradictory and corrupt housing policies, as well as critique more broadly the organization and allocation of urban and public space. "The Real Estate Show" was blatantly political, didactic, and utopian ("insurrectionary urban development" was the headline on one of their publicity fliers for the event). The founders of ABC No Rio apparently had decidedly widespread motivations. However, certain common things were found such as a desire for collective and democratic processes, a predilection for group shows, and an anarchistic spirit, attitude, and approach, all of which remain today.

ABC No Rio's building is a four-story tenement built in 1917. At that time the neighborhood was New York's Jewish ghetto, but when ABC began the neighborhood was predominantly Puerto Rican or Dominican. When the founding artists first came to 156 Rivington Street there was a sign on a neighboring building which read, "ABOGADO—NOTARIO PUBLICO" (LAWYER—NOTARY PUBLIC), but the letters were worn and weathered. All that remained to be read was ABC NO RIO. At least that's how the mythology has been passed down through the years.

Originally ABC was an artist's collective and performance space. There were art shows, poetry readings, DJ nights, film and video screenings, performance art, spoken work and music. The first show was December 9, 1989 with Bugout Society, Atrocity, Citizen's Arrest and Go! There were definitely shows at ABC before this but they were few and far between. December 9th was the first of the Saturday matinee shows that have continued almost uninterrupted to the present. The shows were started by Mike Bullshit, an openly queer and outspoken guy from Queens who also fronted Go! Like many of the kids who came to ABC initially, Mike was one of those people who was completely frustrated by the homophobia, machismo, and blind nationalism that surrounded the CBGB's hardcore scene.

However, Mike (and those after him) were not members of the ABC collective, they simply rented space from the artists. In 1993 the artists then running ABC No Rio turned the organization over to the punks running the shows. This began the era of specific "sub-collectives" where rather than events being booked eclectically and haphazardly, specific people began to take on specific tasks. The poets remained from before the changeover. The art shows were kept up by kids who had an interest in art, and the same with film and video. Food Not Bombs became more of a regular thing at ABC. The more political folks began organizing forums on Wednesday nights.

ABC No Rio's booking policy is that a band must send a recording with lyrics. They do not book racist, sexist, homophobic, violent, nor major label bands. They try to avoid booking bands that could

get booked easily at clubs and that do get booked regularly at clubs). They have limited time and resources and they try to focus on bands that are supportive of what they try to do.

There have been at least five attempts by HPD (Department of Housing Preservation and Development) to evict ABC No Rio over the years. Three of them required us to seriously and forcefully mobilize political and public support: in 1988, 1992, and 1995. In all eviction efforts before 1994/95, HPD always backed off in the face of public opposition, political support, and band press. The compromise deal ABC No Rio struck with HPD ultimately came about after several direct actions taken by ABC No Rio supporters and volunteers, preceded by a fail attempt to negotiate, legal maneuvering, political lobbying, and organizing public support.

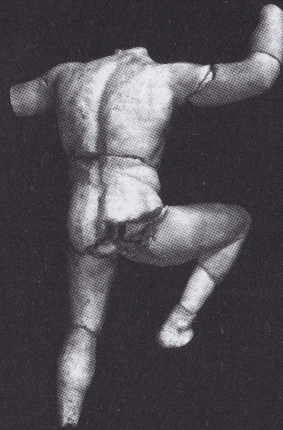
In 1996 several actions had been organized to call attention to the situation and gain public support which ranged from militant squatter types to standard issue Democratic Party liberals. Over 2500 people signed petitions on behalf of ABC and hundreds of support letters were sent to the municipal authorities. The squatters of LADRONKA in the Czech Republic demonstrated at the U.S. Consulate in Prague; their action coincided with a demonstration we organized at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, part of the Eviction Action Week-End event.

In January 1997 supporters increased the intensity of their actions. By February the problem was taken directly to the HPD. About a dozen supporters managed to slip past HPD building security and up to the Commissioner's office to stage a sit-in. Instead of a dozen arrests, the protesters were surprised to be invited into a conference room to meet with the Commissioner. A two-hour long conversation ensued, and ended with the scheduling of another meeting the following week. At that next meeting supporters were flabbergasted by the proposal the Commissioner offered: HPD would sell ABC No Rio, the building at 156 Rivington Street, for one dollar if ABC No Rio could raise the money to renovate the building, and if the squatters in the residential units willingly vacated so that the entire building would be developed by ABC No Rio as a community resource. This compromise seemed a victory, and both ABC No Rio and the squatters accepted the offer.

"Everyone here is enthusiastic and optimistic about the future: for the first time we're able to imagine a future, and our cadres of volunteers is growing. At the same time, the challenge is quite imposing. In addition to the money needed to rehabilitate the building we are also expanding our programs and facilities. So things are a little tight, not only in terms of money but also in the time demanded of our volunteers. I think if our scrappy little outfit can pull this off it will be an example of what people fighting together and working together can do, when the goal is important enough to them."

- arranged and edited from an interview with ABC No Rio volunteers -

★ boy sets fire.



www.boysetsfire.com

PO Box 303 Newark, DE 19711

resection.

now life is so full of so many simple crutches. they help me walk they help me sleep they help me suffer. the love was never there and i just didn't see it. weapons take on so many painful attachments the faces change but they all tell the same damn story. the love was never there and i just didn't see it. the love was never there now i don't think i even care. i've built this wall around my heart to shut you out. i've played my part in this game that i thought was real. in this pain that i now fell. and if i ever fall again will i just turn it to the wind or let it fly away with pain or let it fester into the same. a small dark place inside my mind will keep me safe afar behind where you can never hurt me again. the way you did. and nothing. nothing can ever erase. i pull this glass out of my skin. the 'wish i hads' replace my sins. i release the lies but not the disdain and nothing can ever wash this away a small quiet place where i can hide. a small quiet place where i can hide. where you can never hurt me again.

pure.

my mouth is full of your inspiration. cut me size me down for your regulation. nothing stands so close to driving. nothing gets tense or biting nothing stands in the way. it's all right your walls are all still white. location is everything or so it seems. writing down all your "wrongs" or "rights" in a book you call your own. stand down. silence kills the revolution. all that remains stagnant dies. submission is your resolve. they've given you all the calls. sucker punched again. blind blind blind

countdown to putsch

"To be a jazz freedom fighter is to attempt to galvanize and energize world-weary people into forms of organization with accountable leadership that promote critical exchange and broad reflection. The interplay of individuality and unity is not one of uniformity and unanimity imposed from above but rather of conflict among diverse groupings that reach a dynamic consensus subject to questioning and criticism. As with the soloist in a jazz quartet, quintet or band, individuality is promoted in order to sustain and increase the *creative* tension with the group - a tension that yields higher levels of performance to achieve the aim of the collective project." -Cornel West



the argument with Camus.

The ones who suffer from sickness are not always the experts on sickness. And the ones who counsel the married can often not find their own lovers. Camus' simple point of objectivity, points out that the greatest authority is not always born from indulgence. So I can speak about something without being that something myself. So I need not consult a killer to teach me the morals of murder. The ones who refuse to participate ... are the ones who forever can. Committed restraint on the basis of thought is not always a deprivation. If the items rejected are oppressive in theory, my refusal is my liberation.

(un) Naturalization.



Naturalizing the unnatural and carefully guarding the secrets of the melting pot. Test for 'a life together'. Ask appropriate questions. This is the way to control the ingredients of a melting pot. And if they can't afford the cool mil to buy naturalization we send them 'away'. How unnatural? How alien? How unnatural. How alien.

live recording: September 10th, 1998. Thanks to Steve and Greg.
P.O. Box 3146, Steinway Station, Long Island City, NY 11103 usa

DEVOLA



COLLAPSED: why did it come down to this? why did you wait so long misfiring neurons are deceptive and have steered you wrong. these are the problems that clench, depress and drain alienating actions isolate and cut you off from everyone else a discreditation of what we had before ~~xxxxxx~~ there comes a time when we come together words mis-spelled and misconstrued in ~~xxxxxx~~ tertwine into... there was a time when everything was so together and now it's falling apart.

EXCERPT OF A LETTER
FROM THE OFFICE OF VITAL STATISTICS

so they throw it out into the public view to be coveted and consumed today is the day they'll have their cake and dissect us too, while we walk quietly with the empty guns at our backs yet we'll still walk it's at our backs

PROZAC EQUATION
the words are withheld
this time around



thanks: Steve, Greg, and ABC-No-RiO
recorded live on Crucial Chaos
F.U. to bands who hide behind insincere
"political" agendas and facades

P.O. BOX 1221
NEW PALTZ, NY
12561 USA

vicariously
catch myself too often retreating refuge
in a world that exists only in my
head not memories i'm trying to recapture
memories of a life i haven't led i'm
sure that i'm not in this alone but i'm
the only person i've ever known blessed
with room to roam free to move with
no place to go all the space i need to
grow free to move with no place to go
no previous frames worth replaying
separated by distance and time search
for support and supporting population
scarcity makes it hard to find i'm sure
i'm not in this alone but i'm the only
person i've ever known vicariously living
my youth notes and souls so far
away need to alter the setting don't
wanna live my life this way i know what
i want and who i am but need nurturing
in order to exist vicariously living my
youth don't wanna live my life like this

failure
all the words i've ever wanted to speak
have been said so much better by someone
else and now i never want to speak
again because i've already wasted my
mouth all these moments i let pass without
thinking hurts me to know i've
missed by so much losing sleep and
feeling so cheap over something i'll
never touch i know this pain is my own
i can see the lack of interest in your eyes
you love to spend everyone's mind but
mine because of the skin you see on me
you don't see a thing in me i always see
you on the other side and i wish just
once you'd be on my side why do you
have to keep moving on when you know
there's nothing left inside maybe someday
i won't need to explain because by
then you'd know my name maybe someday
i can look into your eyes without
giving you a reason why maybe someday
you won't make me bleed because
i'd know you weren't going to waste
maybe someday there will be no need
because you would be everything if
time were endless i'd keep up this self
defense

god awful is steve bill kevin
contact: god_awful@yahoo.com
po box 974
harriman ny 10926-0974



i hate myself

Son, Steve, Jim

Darren's Roof

Drama in the
Emergency Room

January 1996 - Summer 1998

Kill the man who questions

Sugar Industry

A little too quiet or a little too loud so the static will never ever drown the sound that you want to hear sickening sweetener for your ear staring at the ground or around the room or the thousand pretty faces kept well-groomed and if you find this dull to your pallet there's a product they're willing to sell and a market that's always willing to buy but I just expect this from you you won't get it from me stuffing your face with all that sweet stuff that will break your smile.

... a sugar industry is a group of manufacturers who produce a sweet substance with a variety of uses which makes one feel quite good but ultimately is bad for the health and there are so many of them in the room here tonight.

Good Cop Bad Cop

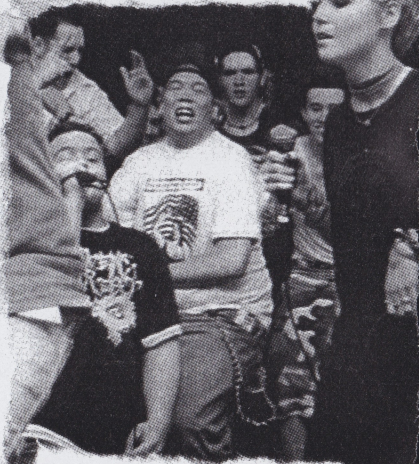
Who's gonna be a witness for the good cop?
Who's gonna witness for the bad cop?
Who's gonna make a million-dollar motion picture?

Who's gonna pay a million-dollars just to see it?
Who? You.

...this is about being fed shit for entertainment and still being thrilled to pay for it. What's offered as entertainment on top 40 radio, television and most of all, movies is a series of mind-numbing formulas and cliches.

Then why have so few alternatives been offered by the allegedly counterculture punk and hardcore scenes?

We accept and champion mediocrity.



THANKS: ABC NO RIO, GREG,
STEVE, JAMIE, RACHAEL,
WNYU
KTMWQ: MIKE, NIKKI, PAT,
BEAU, JEREMY
NOW WITH ANDREW ON BASS
P.O. BOX 890 HAVERTOWN
PA 19083
E-MAIL: SWIZZKID@AOL.COM

Alex Madara was the first bass player of Saetia. He was a talented, intelligent and compassionate person, not to mention a friend of each member of the band. Alex left the band in the fall of 1997, and to be honest, we all fell out of touch with him over the following months. The lack of communication did not diminish his contributions to Saetia, nor did it undermine the fact that he was an integral part of Saetia's survival and creativity from its inception until he left. Alex passed away on December 14, 1998, due to a severe allergic reaction which put him into a coma for eight days. Alex would have been twenty one years old on January 18. I speak on behalf of Saetia when I say that he is missed and we share in the grief of his family and other friends.

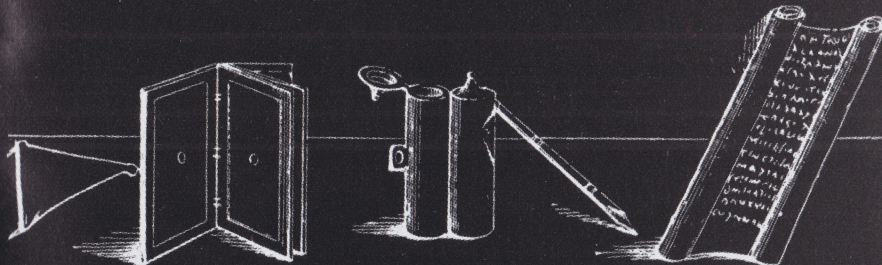
"Becoming the Truth" is the first song Saetia ever wrote as a band. It is also a document of the band in its original form, with all its original members. The plan was to keep the song deep in the vaults, since it is obviously a "first song". However, we feel it is important to include it here in, as a further testament to Alex's place in our histories, both personal and band related. Thank you Alex, for your sincerity and for being a part of all of our lives.

-Billy Werner / Saetia
December 1998

then: Adam, Alex, Billy, Greg, Jamie
now: Billy, Colin, Greg, Jamie, Steve

Saetia

Po Box 280
NYC, NY 10276



twelve hour turn.
=

twelve hour turn. john.rich.dave.matt.
"wide awake" why are we doing this? I don't like sitting here on the top floor. Because at least down on the bottom I could fall no more, and now all it would take is one push from you. I'd be right back down bottom rung (perpetual...) you know I cannot see to hear. you know I can't breathe this air. I can't see. "I'm dying to tell you I'm dying." Has your privelege made you blind? it hurts it hits so hard.
"he'd rather not watch" and if i cried would you walk away? my head on your back, don't even move don't make a sound. butterfly kisses and hair twists, dirty dishes and parcels torn apart- if I could move you the way I wanted to, I wouldn't be caught in that headlight's stare again. you walked away. you knew. it was predetermined. 3057 Kline road Jacksonville Fl 32246
recorded spring Of 98 during tour with i hate myself
thanks to steve and wnyu, jamie of saetia, brian,
laura minor, dron and the i hate myselfs, and
you for supporting ABC no rio!

you and i

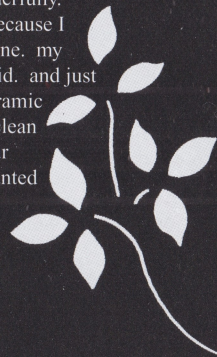
seascape

my heart bleeds when you're not around. mend it with your touch. to touch your face is a dream. ending in a nightmare. wake up i'm lying next to you. do you feel me. I still see that look in your eys. I still feel your warmth. even though it seems light years away. the rose will flourish with time, it is all we need. I swear I know. it will be alright with time. we did not lie about what we said. I know yes I know. we did not lie. it will be okay. the stars are out. the stars are out for us tonight. and I will try to capture them and give them to you so we can breathe. i stood on the edge on one thousand tears. and thought that I would jump. my lungs could not draw enough air to keep me from suffocating. i'll try myself.

something to remember

I scream aloud into the wind. but my words won't fly. I hear the water pouring loud now. the sound is painful. our hands hang over the edge. dripping wonderfully. like our hearts on paper. but my pen has run out. my heart is bleeding because I tried. I cried your name but you don't hear me. I'm tried of standing alone. my throat is bleeding just like that person who never saw any of the good I did. and just dwelt on the bad. I'll give you something to remember my life. cold ceramic on my back. the warm water feels like an ocean of happiness up to my clean shaven face. our hands hang over the edge dripping wonderfully. like our hearts on paper. just like hearts on paper. my record is broken. you wanted this. I'll give you something to remember

you and i: casey boland, thomas schlatter, chris boland, justin hock
jonathan marinari played bass on this recording



Our van pulled up in the depths of New York to a small establishment mashed in between the usual hustle and bustle of the city. The dungeon-like basement, with its low ceiling and claustrophobic aroma, would be our coliseum tonight. The music began and the electricity flowed through the air, showing the five of us what we had sweat, cried and bled for. In this little basement, nestled in the middle of the city, there's a place where we can all come and escape the affluent east of American culture; a place where we can exchange thoughts and ideas. Most of all, it's a place that shouldn't be taken for granted. Thank you ABC No Rio.

-Thomas Schlatter (You and I)

ABC NO RIO has been at the center. ABC was where, upon returning from distant shores, I found a new place in my old home. ABC was where I would form my sense of what was "punk," and maintain connection beyond the usual expiration dates for teenage rebellion. ABC was, by and large, where I met many of my most important friends. ABC was where my few defenders laid in hiding. ABC was where I was told that "hardcore is like a high school." ABC was where I defined my sound. ABC was the only place they wanted my band to play, before anyone knew I even had a band. ABC was where I defined my vision. ABC was where I would offend and fall from grace. ABC was where I would lose soulmates, and the last place I would see some friends. ABC was my re-birth. ABC is still there, where the F train stops at Delancey and the JMZ trains stop at Essex.

ABC NO RIO stands at the center, a vital, consistent force in a perpetually fleeting world, outliving but not forgetting many generations of supporters. Thanks to everyone who works, for little or no credit, to keep it alive.

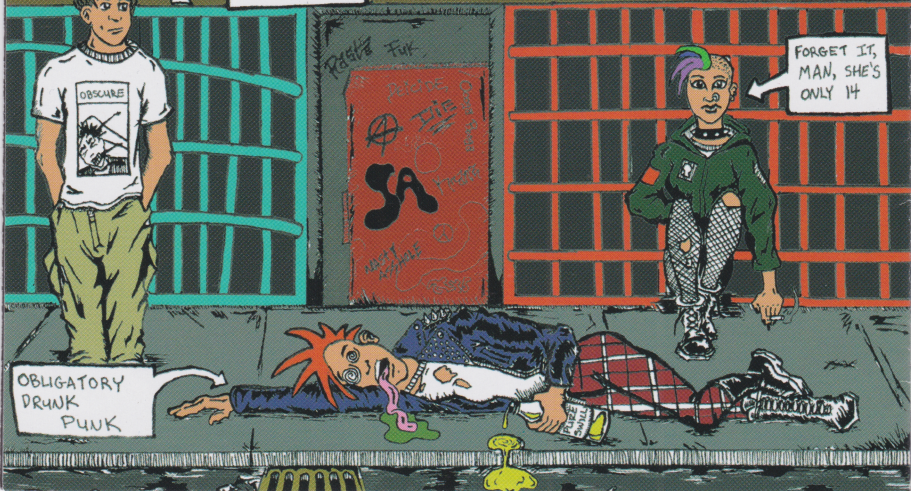
-Chris Jensen (Countdown to Putsch)



Level Plane Records (03)
PO Box 280
Cooper Station
New York, NY 10276

thank you:

all bands that contributed to this compilation, Dave Powell, Phil Henken (cover and CD art), Adam Dinwiddie, Matt Smith, Adam Schwartz, ABC No Rio, and you
proceeds from the sale of this record go to support ABC No Rio





SVIASE



